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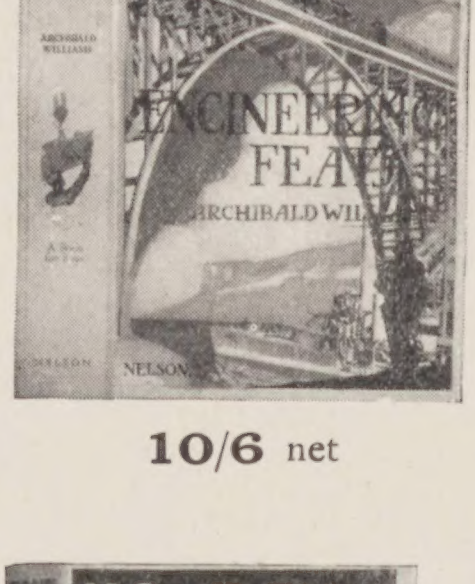

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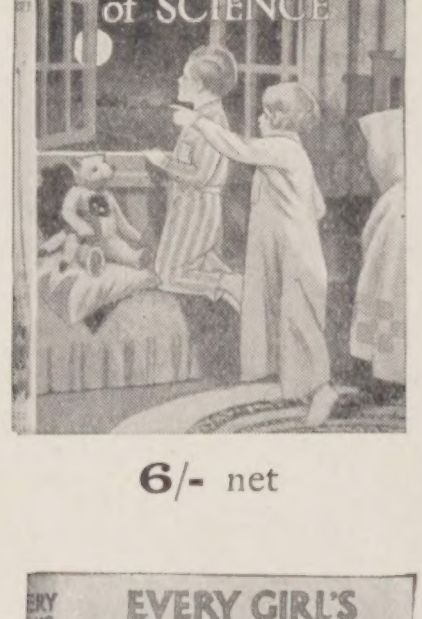

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THE
CHILDREN'S PAPER
NOVEMBER 1925 THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

Cream Cakes

By Jane Grant

"MADAM, you are a greedy *pig!*" quoth Charles. He was just entering the town tuck-shop. Betty, his sister, was just emerging from the door. In her arms was a huge bag. Out of the top of it oozed cream. Likewise there was cream on Betty's lips and on the lips of the girl friend who accompanied her, and they were just putting on their gloves.

"I jolly well wish I hadn't told you about Bunter's cream cakes," Charles continued to say. "Last term——"

"Last term you had too many," retorted Betty, for nobody cares to be called a pig by one's brother out of holiday time. It may feel natural and home-like *then;* but with one's best chum in attendance in a giggling frame of mind things are different, quite. "Talk of early worms instead of pigs, if you *like!*" said Betty with dignity.

"Worms, eh? That's a notion!" quoth Charles. "If, as you say, you really *are* a——"

But Betty now saw her error, and turned—like the worm. She turned and flared. "Charles, I wish I'd never come to school in the same town as you. I *do.* You're bad enough in the holidays, but—when there's a chance of running into you in term time, too!"

"Avoid Bunter's, and it needn't be done," said Charles gravely.

Betty's chum giggled, and Betty stamped her foot.

"It *is* hard on a chap, isn't it?" said Charles, turning to the chum, who had giggled so encouragingly, and thus taking heart. "When a chap's got *used* to eating Bunter's cream cakes for tea every Saturday——"

It *was* hard, really. But truly, as Betty said, the girls might as well have their turn. Last hols, in a confidential moment, Charles had informed his sister that at Bunter's, right down the town, there were the most ravishing cream cakes to be bought.

"Knock every other cake in Dereham into cocked hats," remarked Charles. "Hazlitt and I go down every Saturday morning and sweep 'em all in. All that are left, I might say, for Bunter's don't make many. But there's generally a round dozen."

"Um-m." Betty was listening, however, with both ears cocked. *Her* school was at Dereham, too, and she and Nancy, her chum, were growing dead sick of the cakes at Dell's and Hobb's. "Cream cakes for a change? We might test Bunter's. Of course boys' taste is generally awful, but——"

Thus Betty in her account of the confidence, as she and Nancy marched townwards on the first Saturday.

On the second Saturday they found themselves marching Bunterwards too.

Also the third.

It was on this, the fourth Saturday of term, that they met Charles.

"Foiled again," he muttered, as they turned with their arms full.

"It might have been rather decent of us, perhaps, to have given him one or two," suggested Nancy, who had a soft heart.

"You don't know Charles!" remarked his sister with asperity. "I *do!*"

"*Do* you, though?" Charles was marching up beside them. "Betty, are you noble enough to let me buy half those cream buns? I've got a chap or two coming in to tea, and I want to do 'em well. If not——"

"*No!*" said Betty solidly. She had been called, so she told herself, both a pig and a worm. There must be *some* punishment meted out to the perpetrator of such insults.

"*I'll* teach you if you know me or not, then," said Charles, going off in a real rattling huff. "I bet you my *boots* I'll teach you——"

"Right-o. Taken," retorted Betty.

"I say"—Nancy was pale with this terrible battle of wills. She knew not that Betty and Charles were pals of the deepest dye, who could afford to quarrel occasionally, because they invariably made up again. "I say, he's *gone!*"

"Let him," quoth Betty. "And, if he *really* has, then——"

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE Publishers regret to announce that the next number of "The Children's Paper" will be the last. They take this opportunity of thanking all readers of the paper for their kind appreciation, which has often been so warmly expressed.

He had, really. He had taken the field path which led to St. Bede's, leaving the main road clear. To the right it led towards St. Winifred's, to the left it led back toward Bunter's. Nancy stared as her chum twisted round to retrace her steps.

"You don't mind going back?"

"Not a scrap, but——"

Back to Bunter's they went. Mr. Bunter was behind the counter. "No, Missie; not a single other cream cake this day. One of the young gents from——"

"I know." Betty's voice was business-like. "He's giving a party. He's my brother. If you could send these up. I bought them just now. If——"

"Of course, Missie, of course." Mr. Bunter was only too anxious to oblige any of the young ladies.

"And now," remarked Betty to her astonished escort, as they marched from the shop, "let's go to Harrow's and buy doughnuts instead. That's the worst, you see, of quarrelling with a brother when you're not going to see him again perhaps for weeks; you simply have to 'make up' quickly, or you feel rotten. P'r'aps it's because we're twins." Betty spoke laconically, but her eyes were turned anxiously round to Bunter's.

"Hope he'll send 'em along," she said anxiously.

"Course he will," said Nancy, understandingly.

It was unlucky that Harrow's had nothing but the plainest of fare. Everything else was bought up. It was in line with the rest of the evil luck of that day that arrival at school again coincided with the arrival of the mid-day postman, who brought an extra letter for Betty from home.

"Dear Bet," wrote Mother, "just a tiny note. Aunt Letty's boat arrives to-day at the docks station. She's to look in on you, remember, so—be prepared! A nice tea, and your dearest self, darling. I do want you to—" There was just a little more. Betty gave a wail.

"*Oh!*"

"What's wrong?" Nancy ran to her rescue.

"Wrong? It's the most heathenish of aunts. She's coming over from India. Frightfully rich, and awfully queer—a kind of crank, I think. She's lived in India all her life. *Oh!* And Mummy will be so sick with me if I'm not awfully nice to her. Those cream cakes would have been scrummy for tea, and——"

"Could you get them back?" asked Nancy.

"*No!* Oh, that's a notion, though. I'll get her, when she comes, to take me along to Charles's—she's to go on there; and *he's* got the cream cakes. Well." Betty settled down a little.

It was a case of best frocks that afternoon, though, and a horrible caged-in, waiting sort of feeling.

"Nancy," begged Betty at last, "let's go down the drive. You come too. I might meet her, and take her in. And——"

"Who's *that?*" suddenly inquired Nancy breathlessly.

For, just emerging from the porter's lodge, evidently after making inquiries, there appeared the most extraordinary figure. She was dressed in a mode which may have been fashionable in England more than a century ago, but which certainly was as dead as dodos and dados long since.

"My *hat!* My *aunt!*" almost moaned Betty. "I *bet* it's her. Mummy as much as said she was a freak. She told us that—" Betty turned pale. "Nancy, if you leave me——"

Nancy, true as steel, but greatly blenching, stood firm.

"Are you Betty Grey?" inquired the stranger, with a lisp.

BRITISH MUSEUM

She was; she hastened with dry lips to say so; for this was an aunt whom Betty dreaded to displease. She had been kind to Mummy when Mummy had gone over to get married to Daddy in India; she was Daddy's aunt; she had lived in India all her life, so of course she couldn't know much about English ways. All these facts tore through Betty's head like lightning as she took in the terrible fact that her aunt seemed arrayed in the thickest of tartan garments, her head seemed surmounted by a hat which might well have been worn by King Pharaoh of the Egyptians. For fear that her feelings might disclose themselves unless she hastened to disguise them by fluent speech, Betty rattled on,—

"Aunt Letty—er—Mummy wrote. It's—awfully kind of you to come straight. Are you going on to town to-night?"

"Wanting to get rid of me, eh?" said the stranger.

"No—oh, *no!* Have you seen Charles?" inquired Betty feverishly. They were nearing a group of girls. Could it possibly be arranged by Fate that they need not pass them, Betty thought. No! Up came Miss Head, the house-mistress, with an inquiring and hospitable eye—an eye which, as Betty knew, strove not to notice the quaintness of the attire.

"Miss Head, my—er—aunt."

"Yes," the lisp was very noticeable; "a *very* near relation of Betty's parents!"

On they passed. Now they *must* go in.

"About tea"—Betty was frantic—"I hope you'll stay. But—perhaps it would be better if— Have you seen Charles?"

"Charles?" The stranger bent down to pick up one of the dog-skin gloves she was holding. "Charles? Yes."

"Charles? *Have* you? Where?" For one moment Betty hoped that her brother might come, even now, to her rescue. "Have you been to St. Bede's first? Where did you see him?"

"In—" the stranger lisped terribly—"in class, my dear."

"But he doesn't *have* classes on Saturday unless he's kept in. Oh!" Betty sighed. If Charles were kept in, and had thus been unable to escort his aunt Bettywards, there was no help forthcoming. Little help from Nancy either; she had begun to giggle. Mummy should *not* be shamed. Betty swallowed every feeling that she had, save that of chivalry, and led the way.

"This way, Auntie. My study's just here. I did expect to take you to tea with Charles, but evidently that's no good. I'm sorry, there's nothing but scones."

They had reached the study by this time, and Betty held open the door.

"*You don't know Charles,*" said the aunt.

She did in an instant, of course. She wondered why on earth she hadn't known him all the time. She fell into his arms, which were wide open—not to receive her, but to cast off his heterogeneous garments.

"You little—sweep of a sport!" roared Charles. "I've brought back your cakes. And—off with those boots, Bet, I've won! 'You *don't* know Charles!'"

She knew enough of him, however, to know that he was a brick. Together they tore open the bag which emerged from his wrappings, and, with Nancy's help, consumed the cakes.

"Now, if Aunt Letty comes—" said Betty.

But she wouldn't, as Charles explained. "If you weren't such a little *goose*," said Charles ("as you may as well be the whole Zoo together), you'd have done what I did and looked in the shipping list. I did as soon as Mummy's letter came, and the boat's late, and so I knew I could take you in. Your lodge-porter was ours a year or two back, and he's a sport—lent me his wife's go-to-meeting hat, to say nothing of a railway rug. I say, have another cake."

They finished them up.

"Your chum's got her head screwed on," said Charles; "she spotted me first. When you asked if I'd seen Charles, and I said I'd seen him 'in the glass,' eh? Good, what? I likewise said that I was a near relation to both parents—good, eh? I've got through without telling one single cram even to that sporty-looking mistress. Wonder if she's anywhere about? If not, I think I'll scoot."

Nancy went to investigate.

It was when she was gone that Charles put both arms round Betty and hugged her. "Rotten being twins," said he. "I feel, when it's a case of not seeing you, old girl, for weeks perhaps, that the sooner we make up the better, eh? Here, give us a peck, old girl, before that chum of yours comes back."

Nancy was an understanding sort of chum; she didn't come back for three minutes.

Then Charles scooted.

"I don't understand," said Miss Head, meeting Betty rather suddenly in the passage that afternoon, "where your aunt——"

Betty stood her ground. "Miss Head, do you happen to know anybody who's a twin?"

"I happen," said Miss Head, staring, "to be one myself!"

She heard the whole story then, and when she'd heard it she simply nodded. "Right," said Miss Head. "No, I don't think you need report yourself. But—I'd only buy half the cream cakes at Bunter's, I think, after this."

"Yes, Miss Head," said Betty.

SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old"

Tourist. "Why don't you buy a cycle?"

Farmer. "I'd rather buy a cow."

Tourist. "Hah! you'd look funny riding a cow!"

Farmer. "Not half so funny as you'd look trying to milk a bicycle!"

Sent in by BERTIE WILLIAMS,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✢ ✢ ✢

Grandpa. "Johnny, you should go to bed at the time which corresponds with your age; now you are eight, you must go to bed at eight, do you see?"

Johnny. "Yes, I see; but what time must you go to bed?"

Sent in by TOM PRICE,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✢ ✢ ✢

Young Lady (on first visit to Western ranch). "For what purpose do you use that coil of rope on your saddle?"

Cowboy. "That rope, as you call it, lady, we use for catching cattle and horses."

Young Lady. "Oh, indeed! Now may I ask you what you use for bait?"

Sent in by JOSIAH JONES,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✢ ✢ ✢

ONE morning Johnny got up feeling not very well, so his mother sent for the doctor. "Now, Johnny," said the doctor, "you must not go out of doors for a week."

Next day the doctor saw Johnny out of doors, and he said to him: "Did I not tell you you must not go out of doors for a week?"

"Yes," replied Johnny; "but I didn't get out of the door, I got out of the window."

Sent in by GWEN HOMER,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✢ ✢ ✢

Old Lady (to soldier). "So you have come back from the Front! Perhaps you have met my son; he's at the Front."

Soldier. "Maybe. What's his name and regiment?"

Old Lady. "I can't remember his regiment, but his name is Smith."

Soldier. "That won't help much. What rank?"

Old Lady. "Oh, he's a general!"

Soldier (in surprise). "A general! Are you quite sure?"

Old Lady. "Well, not quite; but he's either a general or a corporal—I know there's a 'ral' in it."

Sent in by JAMES GRUBB,
4 Albany Road, Sittingbourne.

Old Gent. "Are you lost?"

Small Boy. "No, I've only found a road I don't know."

Sent in by HAROLD E. DRAPER,
2 Reynolds Cottages, Dunton Green, near Sevenoaks, Kent.

✢ ✢ ✢

JOHNNY ran home from school very excited. "Oh, ma!" he cried, "a horse fell in the street and they sent for a horse-doctor. But when he came"—Johnnie's voice trembled sadly—"he was not a horse-doctor at all; he was only a man-doctor!"

Sent in by JOSIAH JONES,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✢ ✢ ✢

Grocer (to boy). "Take a handful of nuts, sonny."

The boy did not move.

Grocer. "Why won't you take some?"

Boy. "Well, if I kept on refusing you would have given me some, and your hand is bigger than mine."

✢ ✢ ✢

Small Boy. "I know, mamma, why nigger boys are always happy."

Mamma. "Why?"

Small Boy. "'Cause their mothers can't tell when they have a dirty face."

Sent in by ARTHUR RONALD TITT,
The Drive, Walton-le-Dale.

✢ ✢ ✢

ONCE a boy who had no father nor mother was playing in the garden on a Sunday morning, when his grandmother said to him, "I have left three dumplings and a sheep's head in the pot, and you must watch that they don't boil over while I am at church."

About half an hour later the boy went into the house and found that two of the dumplings were gone. So off he went to church and shouted, "Grandma, the sheep's head ate two dumplings, and now he's round the pot after the other."

Sent in by W. H. ROBERTS,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✢ ✢ ✢

Mistress. "Well, Mary, I'm sorry that you want to leave me. What's the reason?"

Mary remained silent, twiddling her apron and blushing.

Mistress. "Speak up. Is it something private?"

Mary (in a burst of confidence). "No, mum, it's a lance-corporal."

Sent in by EILEEN MORT,
National School, Adlington, near Chorley, Lancs.

✢ ✢ ✢

Mother. "What are you playing with, Tommy?"

Very Little Son. "A caterpillar and two little kitten pillars."

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER XIV—*continued*

THE first part of the history was naturally very vague, but from about the middle of the fifteenth century the records were quite clear and evidently authentic, and Graham Carlton, who had managed to get possession of the book, turned eagerly to the Robert Graham who had been the owner of the property in the reign of Charles I. The paragraph devoted to him by the author of the book contained the information they needed, and explained the story of their wonderful discovery. It was as follows :—

> " This James Graham was succeeded by his son, Robert, who appears to have been a most eccentric character. He succeeded his father as owner of Thorley in 1601, at the age of thirty-seven, and he lived to be nearly ninety. He always lived the life of a recluse, and especially so, apparently, from the time when the Civil War broke out, for local historians comment on the fact that none of his neighbours ever found out which side in the great struggle he supported. He was supposed to be extremely wealthy, and was looked upon as a miser until his death in 1654, when it was found that the property was much impoverished, and that the beautiful gold and silver things which the family were known to have possessed had all disappeared. People concluded that the family plate had been melted down to fill the coffers of one or other of the rival parties in the kingdom—a fate which befell the valuable possessions of so many great families in those troublous times—but no record of this has ever been discovered."

The book then described what was already partly known to the little group of people who were eagerly studying it—how the Hall had almost fallen into decay during the time of this Robert Graham's son and grandson, because he had left them no money to keep it up ; how a certain Edmund Graham had subsequently retrieved the fortunes of the family by distinguishing himself in Marlborough's wars ; and how his son, another James Graham, had been able to restore the old house in the reign of George I., and had built the greater part of the house in which his descendants were now living. This brought the story up to the time of the author of the book.

Then they turned back to the earlier part, and found that in the time of Queen Elizabeth the Grahams of Thorley had been looked upon with considerable suspicion by the authorities. Not only did they still practise (as openly as they dared) the old religion, but there were even stories of certain members of the family having taken part in various plots in favour of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, and more than once there was mention of a priest having escaped capture by taking refuge in the Hall. There was an Edmund Graham who had died in the Tower of London shortly before the execution of Queen Mary, and the writer of the book, who was evidently not an entirely loyal subject of King George I., had clearly been eager to emphasize any loyalty on the part of his ancestors to the House of Stuart.

All this confirmed the obvious interpretation of the fragments of writing they had been able to read in old Robert's papers ; and the records of the past and possibilities for the future opened up such interesting discussions that it was long past midnight when the Rector finally left the Hall to go home.

Jim and Donald were very much annoyed that they had not been present at the actual finding of the treasure, but they consoled themselves with the thought that there would be many more expeditions to the secret passage in order to bring up the chests from the priests' chamber, and they hoped that they would be able to go down then. Now that Donald knew what was in it all his fear of the passage had vanished, and he was keen to see the wonderful door where Brian had discovered the secret spring—a fact of which the latter was intensely proud.

Donald was wheeled over to the Hall on the following morning in the bath-chair, and lessons were much interrupted by the boys' frequent questions and numerous suggestions about old Robert Graham. The Marstons were extremely annoyed when Graham reminded them that at any rate the old man was not their ancestor, and that they had better get on with their work, but this only produced a short interval of peace before Brian began again with a fresh idea.

" I wish we'd found a skeleton there," he said. " That would have been a jolly ancestor for you ! "

" You horrid child ! " exclaimed Graham. " Go on with your sums."

" What a pity the old johnny didn't give some of the money to the king after all," suggested Donald, " then he might have been made a duke or something. Fancy if Jim was Duke of Thorley ! "

" I'd rather have the treasure," remarked Jim.

"The old johnny, as you most disrespectfully call him, would more likely have been beheaded by Cromwell," said Graham, "and then my uncle and Jim would probably not have inherited either the treasure or the dukedom. Brian, have you finished those sums yet?"

"No. It seems hardly worth while beginning them now," answered Brian calmly. "Don't you think we'd better do history instead? Then we could talk about him."

"I don't see what he would have to do with Henry V.," returned Graham dryly. "When we do history, which won't be until those sums are finished, you'll have to talk about Agincourt."

"Couldn't we jump to Charles I. next after Henry V. then?" asked Jim; and when he had been properly squashed for such a ridiculous suggestion, Donald asked with a very innocent expression,—

"Did they have priests' holes in Henry's reign? And, anyway, what did the priests do in the holes?"

But Graham refused to be caught.

"Donald, this sum is all wrong," he said, trying to look severe. "How could an express train take ten years to go fifty miles?"

"It doesn't sound very likely," Donald admitted; "but, then, I never expect sums to have any sense in them. Perhaps it ought to be ten minutes."

"Nonsense. And it isn't ten hours or ten days either. It's no good guessing, you'll have to work it all over again. Jim, don't giggle. Get on with your own work."

This caused another pause in the conversation, while the boys finished their sums, and Donald's express train was made to behave in a more reasonable manner. Then Brian said,—

"I suppose the church on the fells that they mentioned was old St. Mary's? Do you think if we went and hunted round there we might find where the end of the passage was? The top of the chimney ought to show, anyhow."

"It can't show much," objected Graham sarcastically, "for apparently nobody has seen it for about three hundred years!"

"But if they didn't know about the priests' chamber, they would probably take it for just an ordinary rabbit-hole," suggested Jim.

"I know you would think every rabbit-hole was that chimney," retorted his cousin.

"Won't you come with us this afternoon to look for it?" said Brian.

"Oh, not before I can walk!" exclaimed Donald, and Graham said severely,—

"If you go on chattering like this any more you'll all be doing lessons the whole afternoon."

This threat rather frightened them, but Brian said with a sigh,—

"You know you want to talk about it yourself! You really are a tyrant!"

"Let's write an essay on it," suggested Jim, with a sudden brilliant inspiration; and as it was the regular day for essays, Graham agreed, only insisting that they must not ask any more questions.

So they got through the rest of the morning, and Brian pushed the bath-chair at such a speed on the way home to dinner that Donald was several times nearly capsized, because they were eager to get more information from their father, for their thirst for knowledge was still unsatisfied. Graham had said that if they liked to come back in the afternoon he would show them the family history, and they could look at the pictures in the gallery which surrounded the hall and contained many old family portraits. He knew that the celebrated Edmund was among them, and thought that they might be able to identify one of the others as Robert.

The boys finished dinner therefore as quickly as they could, and dragged their father back with them to the Hall, to find to their annoyance that lunch there was only just beginning. They went to the picture gallery to wait, and nearly fought over the respective claims of two portraits to be the miser, Robert Graham, till Mr. Marston said that the only one that was at all the right period was one which neither of them had chosen. When they appealed to old Mr. Graham, he produced a catalogue of the pictures, and it was found that the Rector was right.

The boys could not at all understand why the grown-ups talked so much about the valuation of the treasure, and all the legal business they said was necessary. It seemed to them most *un*necessary, and Brian declared that it had been found by the Secret Brotherhood, and ought therefore to be given to Graham. When they were told that some of it might have to be handed over to the Government they were exceedingly indignant.

"Do you mean that the King has to have it?" asked Donald. "Why ever should he? He's got pots of money, I expect!"

"But there's a law about finding money that doesn't belong to any particular person," began Graham, who was trying to explain it to them.

But he was interrupted.

"It does belong to somebody!" exclaimed Brian. "The old chap's will said who it was to belong to."

"A will has to be proved, though," said Graham, rather vaguely, for he didn't really know much about the matter himself.

"Well, that is rot!" declared Brian. "Why should it want to be proved when it's perfectly plain for anybody to understand it? That's just the kind of silly thing lawyers always want to do. I shouldn't let the King know anything about it."

"You might find yourself in prison for defrauding the Government if you didn't do things legally," Graham remarked.

But the boys were quite unconvinced, and thought it very foolish of old Mr. Graham not to do just what he liked with the treasure at once.

CHAPTER XV

JOCELYN

AFTER the discovery of the treasure. several weeks went by without any very great excitements. The boys were disgusted at the length of time it took the lawyers to settle the business and find out what it was worth, and they declared that they might just as well not have found it at all. There had been more than one expedition to the secret chamber by now, and the things had at last all been brought up from the hiding-place where they had lain for so many years. Also the boys had spent a great deal of time on the fells trying, but without any success, to find some trace of the chimney and the other end of the passage.

Donald's ankle recovered fairly quickly, and his tenth birthday came and passed, and very soon after that active preparations for Christmas began. It was a very cold winter, and there were prospects of skating on the lake to which the boys looked forward with great eagerness; but in the meantime they were rather annoyed by the fact that there were several visitors staying at the Hall who occupied too much of Graham's time.

The party consisted of two of his college friends, Leslie Grant and John Duncan, and the father, mother, and sister of the latter. The men were usually out shooting the greater part of the day, and the boys were not often allowed to go with them, and never more than one at a time, as a precaution against accidents. But they found a new companion in Jocelyn Duncan, the sister of Graham's friend, who was quite young and very jolly, and who did not always go out shooting with the men, so that she was able to devote a good deal of time to the three boys.

When it was at last decided that the ice on the lake was safe, and the shooting gave place to skating, the boys felt still more aggrieved because, instead of getting possession of Graham again, they found that he monopolized their new friend Jocelyn, so they considered themselves doubly deserted, though it was some time before they realized the meaning of this.

It was Brian who made the discovery. He and the other boys had been skating with the grown-ups on Christmas Eve, and were just taking off their skates to go in to lunch, when he suddenly realized that Graham and Jocelyn had already left the ice. He called out to John Duncan to ask where they were.

"You'd better let them alone," was all the answer he got; "they won't want you."

"Why not?" asked Brian indignantly, and Jim added,—

"We scarcely ever see either of them now."

John and Leslie winked at each other and laughed. Leslie said,—

"I should have thought the reason was quite obvious even to you."

The boys were puzzled for a moment, and then the truth suddenly dawned on them.

"Why, you don't mean to say they're in love, or some rot like that?" said Brian, very scornfully. "Are they going to get engaged?"

"We don't generally discuss those things quite so baldly as that," said Leslie, "but I should think it's more than likely."

"Well, of all the idiotic things for Graham to go and do!"

"I say, young man, you're not very polite to my sister," exclaimed John. "Just you wait till I get a chance to pay you out for that."

"Oh, she's all right," said Brian, "but still, fancy wanting to get married at all! Right in the middle of Christmas and everything, too! I call it simply rotten."

"So do I," agreed Jim. "Jocelyn's as good as anybody if he must do it, but we shan't have half such a good time now."

"I don't suppose that'll worry them much," said Leslie. "They won't stop to consider you."

"They jolly well ought to, then," declared Brian; and Donald, who had been remarkably silent during this conversation, remarked thoughtfully,—

"Well, it's quite the silliest idea I ever heard of."

Just at this moment the subjects of this conversation appeared, and before John could stop him Brian had dashed off to meet them. As soon as they were near enough, he shouted out,—

"I say, is it true that you two are going to be married?"

(To be continued.)

✢ ✢ ✢

In an omnibus an old lady tendered two farthings and a halfpenny stamp for a penny fare. The conductor sighed wearily and said, "Next time you come, ma'am, bring a few jam jars."

✢ ✢ ✢

John came down to breakfast one morning looking troubled.

"What's the matter, John?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I found a feather in my bed last night, and I'm afraid I'm going to have chicken-pox!"

✢ ✢ ✢

An old country woman came to town one day to purchase an umbrella. The shopman, who was most obliging, brought out several for her to look at. After examining them for a long time she got the one she wanted; but on getting home she couldn't open it, and took it back. "Eh," she said, "aw don't like this umbrella."

"Why, how's that?" said Tom. "It's one of the best in the shop," and pulling off the case he put it up for her to look at.

"Well, by gum," she said, "aw didn't know they peeled 'em like bananas."

Something to do on a Wet Day

II.—SOME "CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS" WITH TUMBLERS AND WINE GLASSES

By Winifred Hammond, F.R.S.A., F.R.H.S.

POSSIBLY some of you boys thought that last month's "Something to Do" was more suitable for girls than for boys, so this month I am writing specially for you, to tell you how to do some "chemical experiments" with tumblers or wine-glasses.

When you begin to learn chemistry, you will be told that the air is a mixture of various "gases," the most important being oxygen, nitrogen, and carbon dioxide. As air is such an important item for every one, I thought that you might like to do some experiments to show its composition.

Experiment I

Make a tiny muslin bag, fill it with bright new iron nails, and, having soaked the bag of nails in water, lodge it in a tumbler by means of some wire as shown in Fig. 1.

Turn it upside down over a soup plate of water, tilting it so that a little air escapes and water enters. Stick a piece of stamp paper on the tumbler to show the water level when beginning the experiment.

Next morning you will find that the nails have begun to rust, and the water to rise in the tumbler. In about four days the nails will stop rusting, and the water will stop rising, as the whole of the oxygen of the air in the jar has been used up to help to form the rust, the remaining gas in the tumbler being nitrogen, which has no effect on iron.

You will learn quite a lot more about the quantities of oxygen and nitrogen in the air when you begin chemistry in real earnest, but on a half-holiday at present, all you will want to do, I expect, is to "mess about" experimenting.

Experiment II

A similar experiment to "rusting" (which is, after all, only a form of burning) can be done by lighting a piece of paper, floating on a cork, under a wine-glass, inverted over a plate of water. Here, too, the water will rise up the glass, owing to the pressure of the outside air on the water in the plate, forcing the water up the glass, to take the place of the oxygen used up during the burning (Fig. 2).

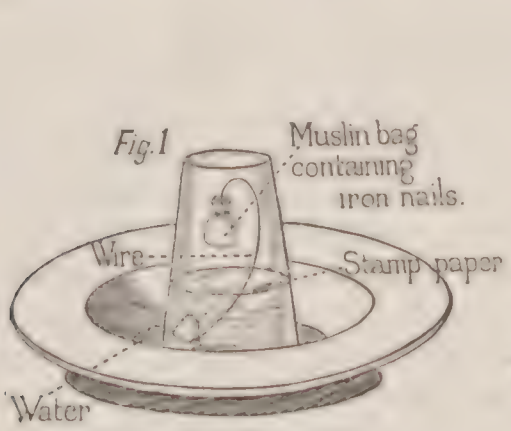
Experiment III

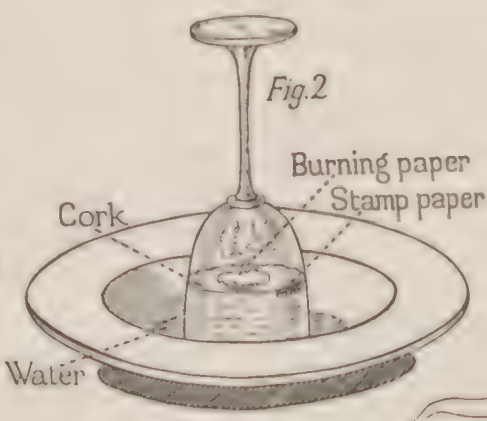
An easy experiment to show the pressure of the air is done by filling a wineglass with water to the brim, and covering it with a card.

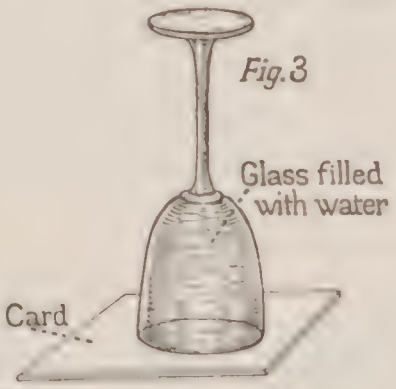
Turn the glass and card upside down, and you will probably be surprised to find that the card will not fall off, nor the water escape, as the pressure of the atmosphere holds it firm (Fig. 3).

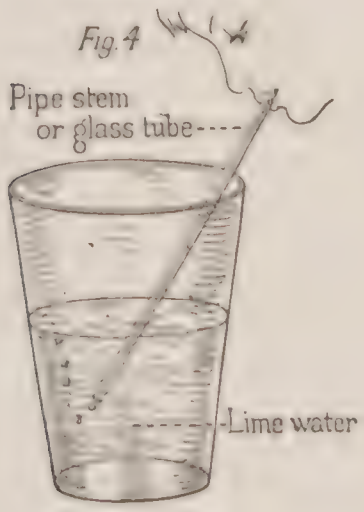
you place the extreme tip of a lump of sugar in a saucer containing a little tea. Watch carefully, and you will see that the liquid tea passes upwards between the grains.

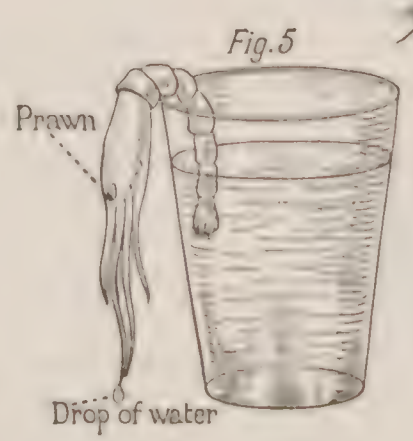
A more " showy " experiment is to take a tumbler of water and, having pulled off the fan part of a prawn's tail, place the tail end in the tumbler with the head hanging over. Soon the water will begin











Experiment IV

I wonder how many of you know that chalk can be made by breathing? But that such is the case can easily be proved to your chums by taking a tumbler of lime water and breathing into it through a pipe stem or glass tube.

As you breathe you will notice that the lime water becomes milky, for a very tiny quantity of chalk has been formed by the gas—carbon dioxide—that you have breathed out of your lungs mixing with the lime (Fig. 4).

Experiment V

You have all heard of that strange force called gravity, which draws all objects towards the centre of the earth. There are, however, other forces which act in opposition to gravity. One of them is known as capillary attraction, which will even draw liquids *up*wards! A very simple example of this is seen if to drip from the tip of the " whiskers," as it has been drawn up the tail by capillary attraction (Fig. 5).

Experiment VI

This is an experiment in sound. Fill a wineglass nearly to the top, wet the rim, and with a very gentle pressure draw the tip of your middle finger round it. Soon a clear note will be heard, which will increase as you continue rubbing the upper edge.

Watch carefully and you will notice that the glass vibrates when it sounds, for tiny globules of water rise, hit the sides of the glass, and jump away quickly.

Next month the " Something to Do on a Wet Day " will be just as jolly for boys as for girls, so don't forget to order your copy of the *Children's Paper* in good time, as it will keep you busy on many a wet half-holiday before Xmas.

Common Objects of the Country

REPTILES (*continued*)

AT one time we had so many snakes that they were kept in the crevices of an old wall, and left to stay or go as they pleased. My boys—I had a school at that time—took wonderfully to snake hunting, and every half-holiday produced a fresh supply of snakes. The boys used to devise the strangest amusements in connection with their snakes, of which they were very proud, each boy exhibiting his particular favourite, and praising its excellences.

One of their fashions, and one which lasted for some time, was to make tunnels in the side of the Wiltshire Downs, and to turn in their snakes at one end, merely for the purpose of seeing them come out at the other.

Then there was a stone quarry some three miles distant, which was in some parts of the year nearly filled with water. Thither the boys used to repair for the purpose of indulging their snakes with a bath. They certainly seemed to enjoy the swim, and were the better for it.

Sometimes there was great excitement; for a snake would now and then act in too independent a manner, and instead of swimming straight across, so as to be caught by a boy on the opposite side, would sink to the bottom, and there lie flat and immovable. Long sticks could not be found there; and their only mode of making the snake stir was to startle it by throwing stones. Even then there was a difficulty; for if the stones fell too far from the snake, they had no effect, and if they fell on him, they might hurt him.

To wait until the truant chose to move would have been hopeless, for the snakes are able to take so much pure air into their lungs, and they require so little of it for respiration, that the patience of the boys would be worn out long before the snake felt a necessity for moving.

Sometimes a snake would try to get away, and push his head and part of his body into a crevice; in that case there was sad anxiety, and careful management was required to withdraw the reptile without damage. It is a very difficult matter to drag a snake backwards, because the creature sets up the edges of the scales, and each one serves as a point of resistance. So, when the snake is within a crevice, where the scales of the back can act as well as those of the belly, the difficulty is increased.

When such an event took place, the best mode of extracting the snake was to let it glide on, and so lower its scales, and then to pluck it out with a sudden jerk, before it had time to erect them afresh. But as often as otherwise, the snake got the better in the struggle, and by slow degrees was lost to view.

Perhaps the pleasantest portion of snake-keeping was the feeding. It was found that the snakes lost their appetite, and would not eat, though frogs and newts were liberally supplied. So the boys settled the matter by opening the mouth of the snake and pushing a newt fairly down its throat.

One of the largest snakes that I have seen was engaged in feeding himself, not trusting to boys for any help. I was walking in a field and heard a strange cry from a neighbouring ditch. On going towards the spot, I saw there a large snake struggling with a frog. The frog was nearly as large as the snake, and as it had a plain objection to being swallowed, there was some turmoil.

The snake was stretched along the bottom of the ditch, which at this time was dry, and he held in his mouth both hind feet of the frog, who was also stretched forward at full length, resisting with its forelegs the attempts of the snake to draw it back, and croaking dismally. The strife continued for some time, when I made a sudden movement, and the snake, loosing its hold of the frog, glided up the opposite bank. The frog slowly gathered itself together, sat still for some little time, and then hopped away.

The entire empty skin of the snake may often be found among bushes, where the creature has gone in order to assist itself in casting off its old skin. Snakes, as well as other animals, wear out their coats, and are obliged to change them for others. When the change is about to take place, and a new coat has formed under the old, like a new skin under a blister, the creature betakes itself to some spot where thick grass and reeds are abundant. A rent then opens in the neck, and the snake, by wriggling about among the stems, literally crawls out of its skin, which it leaves behind, turned inside out. Even the covering of the eyes is cast away, and in consequence the snake is partially blind for a day or two before the moult, if we may call it so.

Eggs laid by the snake are also of frequent occurrence. I have found them in manure heaps, the warmth of which places is attractive to them. The eggs are white, and covered with a strong skin, but have no shell. They are laid in long strings, from sixteen to twenty eggs being in each chain.

In the winter the ringed snake retires to a convenient cell, such as a hollow tree, or a heap of wood, and there it remains in a torpid state until the warm weather. Many of them have been found collected

together in these winter quarters, probably for the sake of affording each other mutual warmth.

The reptiles of which we have just treated live exclusively on land, though they may occasionally be found in water; but those which we shall now inspect belong rather to the water than to the land. The most common of these amphibious reptiles, as they are called, is the Frog.

A very curious animal is the frog, and well worth examining, as well in its perfect state as in its intermediate state. To begin at the beginning of a frog's existence, we find it exhibited in masses of eggs, fixed to each other by a kind of sticky substance, and floating in large quantities in ditches or ponds. Each egg is about the size and shape of a pea, and in the centre is the little black speck from which the young frog proceeds.

In process of time the egg is hatched, and out comes a queer little creature, with a big head and a flat slender tail, called generally a tadpole, and in some places a pollywog. In this state of life the young creature is simply a fish, with fish-like bones, and breathing through gills, after the manner of fish.

Being very greedy, it grows rapidly; little legs begin to show themselves; and, at the proper season, the gills are laid aside, the tail vanishes, and the little frog is then in its usual form. The circulation of the blood can be well shown by means of a microscope, if a tadpole be laid on the stage so as to bring its tail within the focus, care being taken to keep that member well wetted.

At the time when the tail is laid aside, the young frog is very small, and in this state is generally found to swarm immediately after rain.

It is not often that frogs are found far from water, for they are the thirstiest of beings, and drink with every pore of their body. If, for example, a wrinkled and thirsty frog is placed in confinement, and plentifully supplied with water, it absorbs the grateful moisture like a sponge, and plumps up in a wonderfully short time.

From the same cause, it parts with its moisture with equal rapidity; and if a dead frog be laid in the open air on a dry day, it speedily shrinks up and becomes hard as horn. The skin and lungs co-operate in respiration, but only when the former is moist. So, in order to secure that object, the frog is furnished with an internal tank, so to speak, which receives some of the absorbed water, and keeps it pure until it is required for use. So great is the power of absorption that a frog has been known to absorb a quantity of water equal to itself in weight, merely through the pores of the under surface, and this in a very short time.

In England we don't eat frogs, for what reason I know not. One species of frog is very excellent food, and it is but natural to suppose that another may be so—that is, if properly cooked. However, the old belief that the French are the natural foes of the English, and that we ought to hate them because they "eat frogs and are saddled with wooden shoes," no longer keeps its ground. And I cannot but think that to eat frogs is better than to starve or to steal, and that to wear wooden shoes is better than to wear no shoes at all.

After its fashion, the frog sings, though it is but after a fashion. We call the frog's song a croak: I wonder what name the frog would give to our singing.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TADPOLE.

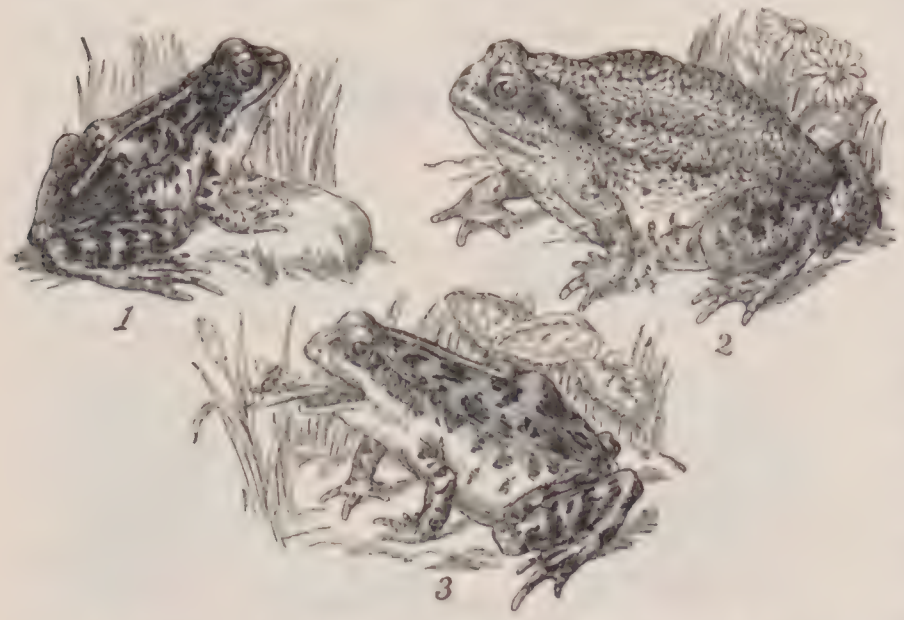
1. Portion of Frog Spawn. 2. Same after ten days. 3. A newly-hatched Tadpole. The remaining figures show the same tadpole at (4) one week; (5) three weeks; (6) seven weeks; (7) eleven weeks; (8) thirteen weeks; and (9) fourteen weeks after hatching.

When the frog sings, it generally sinks itself under water, with the exception of its head, opens its mouth, lays its lower jaw flat on the water, and sets to work as if it meant to make the best of its time. Even in England we have fine specimens of frog concerts, though not to such an extent as in many other countries. In France the frogs make such a croaking, that when the nobility spent any time in the country, the miserable peasants were forced to flog the water all night, on purpose to keep the frogs quiet, for their croaking was so noisy that the easily offended senses of the fashionable could not be lulled to sleep.

As a general fact, frogs are just endurable, and people will inspect them—from a distance—without much ado. But the case is widely altered when they see the frog's first cousin, the Toad.

A large volume might easily be filled with tales respecting this much despised creature; in which tales the toad appears to be a very root of wickedness, and to be wholly formed of poison. If it burrowed near the root of a tree, every one who ate a leaf of that tree would die; and if he only handled it, would be struck with sudden cramp. And the cause of this poisonous nature was its liver, which was "very vitious, and causeth the whole body to be of an ill temperament."

Fortunately, toads had two livers; and although both of them were corrupted, yet one was full of poison, and the other resisted poison. As for remedies, the only effectual one was of rather a complicated nature, and consisted of plantain, black hellebore,



1. FROG. 2. TOAD. 3. FROG CATCHING A FLY WITH ITS TONGUE.

powdered crabs, the blood of the sea-tortoise mixed with wine, the stalks of dogs' tongues, the powder of the right horn of a hart, cummin, the vermet of a hare, treacle, and the oil of a scorpion, mixed and taken *ad libitum*.

Even in the days when this prescription was invented, some good was acknowledged to exist in a toad, the one being the precious jewel in its head, and the other its power as a stopper of bleeding. Supposing any one to fall down and knock his nose against a stone, he could instantly stop the bleeding if he only had in his pocket a toad that had been pierced through with a piece of wood and dried in the shade or smoke. All that was requisite was to hold the dried toad in the hand, and the bleeding would immediately cease. The reason for this effect is, that "horror and fear constrained the blood to run into his proper place, for fear of a beast so contrary to humane nature."

And, as a concluding instance of the wonderful things that happened whenever toads were the subject, we are told that at Darien, where the household slaves water the doorsteps in the evening, all the drops that fall on the right hand turn into toads.

These poor creatures fare little better even now, as far as public opinion goes; and in France worse than in England.

I was once walking in the forest at Meudon with a party of friends, and was brought to a check by a sudden attack made on a large toad that was walking along the pathway. I succeeded in stopping a blow that was aimed at it; and was stooping down, intending to remove it to a place of safety, when I was hastily pulled away, and horror was depicted on the countenances of all the spectators.

"It will bite you," cried one.

"Pouah!" exclaimed another, "it will spit poison at you."

"In France every one kills toads," said a third.

I objected that it could not bite, because it had no teeth.

"No teeth!" they all exclaimed. "In France toads *always* have teeth."

"Well, then," I said, "I will open its mouth and show you that it has none."

But before I could touch it I was again dragged away.

"Teeth come when the toads are fifty years old," was the explanation that was given; but still the death-sentence had passed in every mind, and I knew that when I moved the poor toad would be killed.

Just then some one remarked that tobacco killed toads, if put on their backs. So I took advantage of the assertion, and made an agreement that, on my part, I would not handle the toad; and that, on theirs, the only mode by which they might kill it was by putting tobacco on it.

The terms being thus arranged, plenty of tobacco was produced—and very bad tobacco too, as is generally the case in France; and, as no one but myself dared come so near, I put about half an ounce of the weed on the back of the toad as it sat in a rut. For a minute or more the creature sat quite still, and all the party began to exclaim,—

"See! the toad is quite dead!"

"Ah! the nasty animal!"

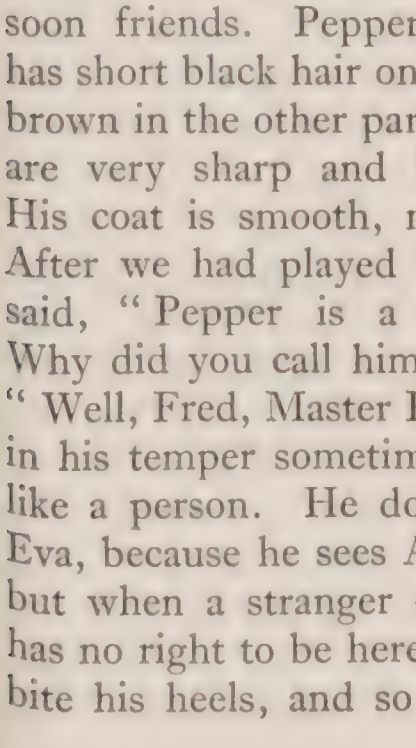
However, the toad rose, shook off all the tobacco, and recommenced his march along the road. The only good that was done was the saving of that individual toad's life, for all the party retained their faith in toads' teeth, and probably thought that the creature would not touch me because I was a trifle madder than the rest of my mad nation.

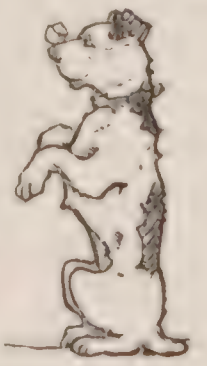
STORIES for YOUNGER READERS

Day by Day

Wednesday, June 6th (continued)

WHEN we stopped at Granny's door yesterday we found Aunty May standing on the step to welcome us. She had been sitting at the window and had seen us drive in at the gate. She took us in to see Granny, and while Mother and Granny were talking, Aunty May showed us some of her pretty things. By-and-by she said, "There will be something new for you to see. Uncle Rollo has bought a new dog. His name is Pepper. He can play all sorts of tricks. Ah, here comes Uncle Rollo, and Pepper too, so now you can say how d'ye do." Pepper began to bark when he saw us, but Uncle Rollo said, "Don't mind his noise. He is only telling you how glad he is to see you." I patted Pepper and he licked my hand. We were soon friends. Pepper is quite small; he has short black hair on most of his body, and brown in the other parts. His nose and ears are very sharp and his eyes very bright. His coat is smooth, not curly like Rollo's. After we had played for a little time Fred said, "Pepper is a funny name, Uncle. Why did you call him that?" Uncle said, "Well, Fred, Master Pepper is very peppery in his temper sometimes, when he does not like a person. He does not mind you and Eva, because he sees Aunty May loves you; but when a stranger comes, that he thinks has no right to be here, he barks and runs to bite his heels, and so we have to shut him up. Even the postman dare hardly come to the door. Pepper will learn better manners soon, I hope." Just then the maid came to say tea was ready on the lawn, so we went out. Pepper came too. When he saw the cakes he wanted some, but Uncle Rollo said, "You must work for it, Pepper!" Pepper pricked up his ears, and waited to see what Uncle Rollo would do next. Uncle said, "Die for the Queen, Pepper!" Pepper lay down on his side quite flat, with his legs all stiff; he shut his eyes and lay very still. "Up, Pepper, up," said Uncle, and up Pepper jumped. "Ready," said Uncle, and Pepper stood up on his hind legs. Uncle put a stick between Pepper's front paws, and a bit of cake on his nose, but Pepper never moved. "Present," said Uncle, and Pepper stretched out his stick like a gun. "Fire!" said Uncle, and Pepper tossed up the cake and ate it. "Well done, sir," said Uncle. "Give us a dance, and you shall have another bit." Pepper got up on his hind legs again and danced slowly round three times. Then Uncle gave him another bit. Next Uncle said, "Lie down, sir, and shut your eyes," and Pepper lay down and hid his face with his paws. Then Uncle said, "Now, Fred, hide a bit." Fred got up very softly and put a bit under the edge of Mother's dress. When he had sat down again Uncle said to Pepper, "Find it!" Pepper got up and sniffed all round. He soon came to Mother, and put his nose under her dress and pulled out the bit of cake. "Bring it here, sir!" said Uncle. Pepper did; Uncle put it on his nose, but Pepper never moved. "Now, Eva," said Uncle, "count three." I counted one, two, three, and Pepper tossed up the cake and ate it. "Good dog," said Uncle; "now lie down and be quiet, you have had enough." Pepper lay down at Uncle's feet





while we ate our tea. "How good Pepper is," I said; "he seems to do just what you tell him." Aunty May laughed and said, "He is not always good, Eva. I saw him do a very naughty thing the other day when Uncle Rollo was out. Granny and I were in the garden when Ann came to say tea was ready. We did not come in just at once, and I think Pepper must have grown tired of waiting. He did not know that we could see him as he got up and sniffed at the buns. He took one and went to the door, but there he stopped. He knew he ought not to have helped himself, and when he heard us coming he hid the bun under the mat." Fred and I both laughed, and Fred said, "How funny, Aunty. What did you do? Did you beat Pepper?" "No," said Aunty, "I did not beat him. When Granny and I came in poor Pepper was so ashamed of himself. He put his tail between his legs, and when I called him and held out one of the buns he had sniffed he would hardly come. He crouched down at my feet and licked my shoe sadly. I patted him and said, 'Ah, you have been a bad dog, but you are sorry, I see. Well, make it up now, old boy.' I think he understood, for he licked my hand and lay down at my feet. He did not ask for any cake, and I did not offer him any more that day." Pepper seemed to know we were talking about him, for he pricked up his ears and looked at Aunty, in such a funny way that we could not help laughing, and Uncle Rollo said, "Ha, Pepper, you were found out, were you, sir!" and he patted Pepper on the back. Pepper licked his hand and began jumping up. "Now, he is getting tired of sitting still; so, if you have done your tea, children, you might give him a run. You shall start at that tree, Fred, and Pepper shall race you. Eva, you go and stand at the gate to see who gets there first, and I shall start them." Fred ran off to the tree. Then Uncle said, "One, two, three, off!" and away ran Fred and Pepper. Pepper soon passed Fred and came up to me panting. He jumped up and licked my face. Fred never liked being beaten, so he said, "It is not quite fair: Pepper has four legs and I have only two; he ought to run twice as fast as I can." When we were tired of racing, Uncle Rollo looked at his watch and said, "Shall we go and see if Grandpapa has come home? He said he would come about six o'clock, and it is nearly that now." "Six!" cried Fred and I. "Oh dear, then it will soon be time for us to go home!" As we went to the house I said, "I am so sorry, time goes so fast here." "Never mind, Eva," said Fred, "Grandpapa must tell us *one* story, and Mother will have to wait till he has done. Perhaps we shall get him to tell us two, one for you and one for me. Come on, let us make haste. You will beg for us, Uncle Rollo, won't you? Mother is certain to say we may stop if you ask her."

\+ \+ \+

A POLICEMAN was walking down a street taking a summons to a non-ratepayer. When the victim saw him he locked himself in and took a pair of bellows, and went behind the door.

The policeman walked up and knocked twice, and received no answer; so he slipped the paper under the door, but it blew out again. He did this two or three times, but it kept coming out again, and he walked away and said, "Well, I don't blame him for not paying rates in a draughty hole like that."

Motto for November

The wiser men are, the less they talk about "cannot."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

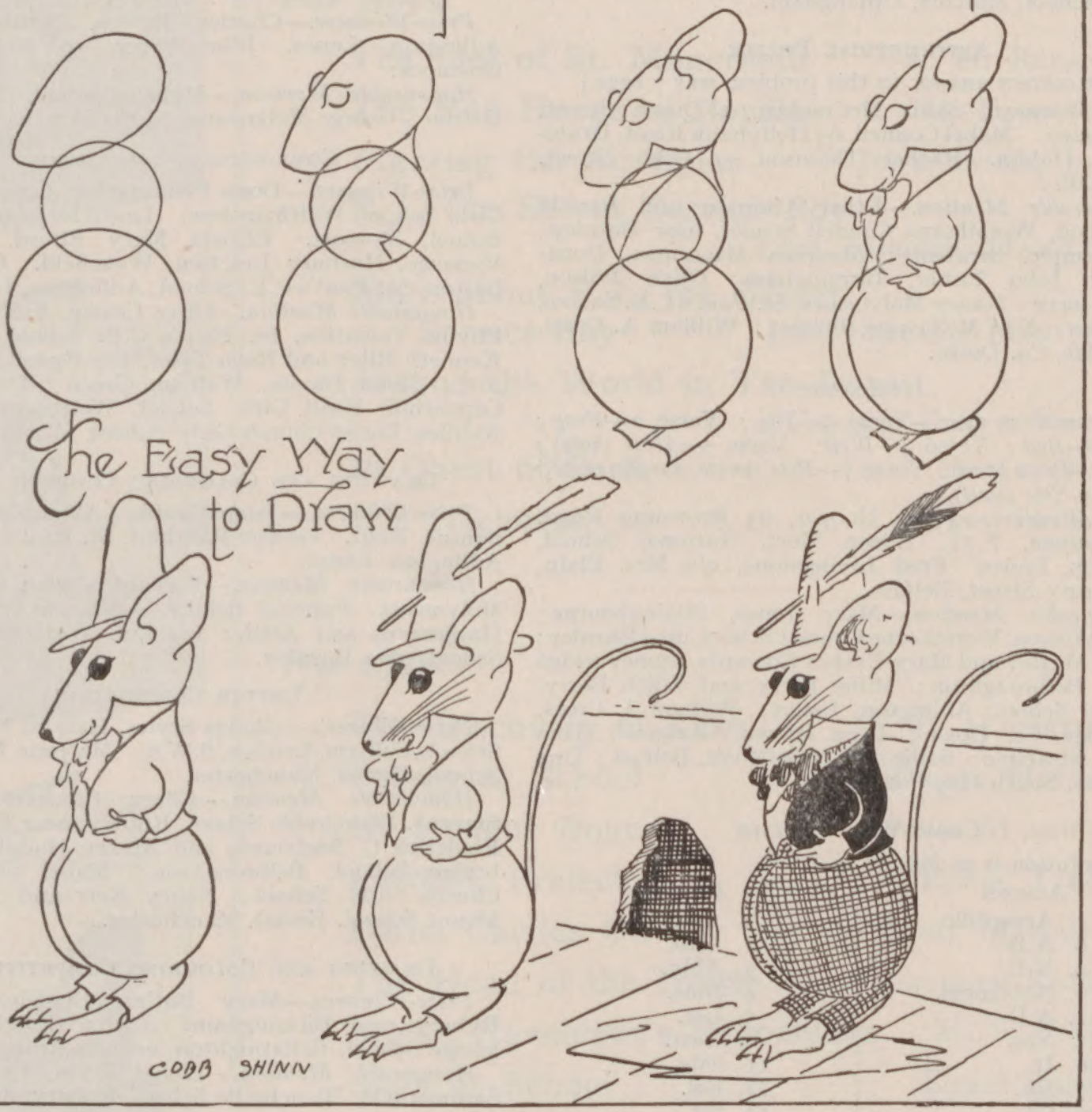
Sent in by MORAG MACKAY,
20 Forsyth Street, Greenock, Scotland,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

Kiddies-Can-Do-It

By Uncle Cobb Shinn

LITTLE MICKEY MOUSE

All Dressed Up and No Place To Go



LITTLE MICKEY MOUSE, the wanderer and vagabond. You will find him wherever man has travelled. His ancestors originally lived in Asia. But when men started to travel from place to place the little house mouse was always able to find a hiding-place in some of the men's belongings. Don't you think he makes a very interesting picture all dressed up in his Sunday clothes? Now try and draw a picture of him. It is very easy to do.

Prize List for September

Verse Competition

Prize-Winners.—William Waterworth, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Mary Jones, 16 Albany Road, Sittingbourne, Kent. Sheila Mathers, 6 Oxmantown Mall, Birr, King's Co.

Honourable Mention.—W. Collins, Belfast; Phoebe Prescott and Mary Makinson, Adlington, Lancs; Eileen Thomson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Tom Semple, Strabane; Phyllis Valentine and Ellis Atherton, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Ronald Riley, The Fydell School, Morcott, Uppingham.

Arithmetical Puzzle

[The correct answer to this problem was 7 eggs.]

Prize-Winners.—Sallie McCracken, 1 Queen Street, Ballymoney. Mabel Connell, 63 Hollybank Road, Drumcondra, Dublin. Rachel Thomson, 7 Gibb Street, Chapelhall.

Honourable Mention.—Ethel Atkinson and Ronald Greenwood, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Tom Semple, Strabane; Maureen Macormac, Donaghadee; John Fisher, Birmingham; Olive Wilson, Londonderry; Nancy Molyneaux, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Nan McSavage, Belfast; William A. Cross, Banbridge, Co. Down.

Homonyms

[The answers are:—Verse 1—*Pig;* Verse 2—*Frog;* Verse 3—*Bed;* Verse 4—*Well;* Verse 5—*Hail* (*hale*); Verse 6—*Penn* (*pen*); Verse 7—*Rite* (*write, wright, right*); Verse 8—*Sole* (*soul*).]

Prize-Winners.—Joyce Hooper, 63 Browning Road, Leystonstone, E.11. Eileen Mort, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Fred Livingstone, c/o Mrs. Blain, 66 Cosgrove Street, Belfast.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Jones, Sittingbourne; Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley; Frances Wigley and Mary Evelyn Edwards, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Millie Perry and Edith Berry, National School, Adlington, Lancs; William A. Cross, Banbridge, Co. Down; Lena Brown, Glasgow; Tom Semple, Strabane; Sallie and Jack Oliver, Belfast; Una S. Howes, South Hayling, Hants.

Cross-Word Puzzle

The solution is as follows:—

Across	Down
1. Armadillo.	1. Anna.
8. A.B.	2. Mab.
9. N.E.	3. Ably.
10. Nobleness.	4. Inns.
14. A.D.	5. Lee.
15. Yes.	6. Oust.
16. It.	11. Ode.
17. En.	12. Eel.
19. Gt.	13. Sit.
21. Eh!	18. Never.
23. B.L.	19. Glare.
25. Rave.	20. Arab.
26. Ears.	22. Heat.
27. Eater.	23. Beer.
28. Barterers.	24. Asks.

Prize-Winners.—Anna E. McFetridge, The Temple, Aghadowey, Co. Derry. Jack Oliver, 45 Rushfield Avenue, Ormeau Road, Belfast. Lena Brown, 191 Garrioch Road, Glasgow. Sydney S. Barlow, 30 College Drive, Sebington, Cheshire.

BRITISH
19 NOV 25

Honourable Mention.—John McCullough, Belfast; John Allen, Londonderry; John L. Gardner, Newmilns; Muriel Hope, Langside, Glasgow; Leslie Edgson and Kenneth Riley, The Fydell School, Morcott; Muriel Dickinson, Wallasey; Fred Livingstone, Belfast; Hilda McIlwaine, Armagh; William A. Cross, Banbridge; Elinor M. Moncrieff, Edinburgh; William Life, Harbertonford, Devon; George Warburton, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs; Jessie Whitehead, New Totley, near Sheffield; Mary Morwood, Belfast; James Barrie, Ilford; Colville Crowe, Newtownards; Ethel Ervin, Belfast.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (A)

Prize-Winners.—Charles Davies, National School, Adlington, Lancs. John Perry, 59 Regent Street, Greenock.

Honourable Mention.—Mabel Connell, Drumcondra, Dublin; George Molyneaux, National School, Adlington.

Composition Competition

Prize-Winners.—Doris Pennyfather, Coppermill Road Girls' School, Walthamstow. Leslie Edgson, The Fydell School, Morcott. Elfreda Mary Elford, St. Mary's Vicarage, Horbury Junction, Wakefield. George Warburton, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Olive Cronin, Fulham, S.W.6; Phyllis Valentine, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington; Kenneth Riley and Rena Tyler, The Fydell School, Morcott; Doris Davies, Walham Green; Dora Mitchell, Coppermill Road Girls' School, Walthamstow; Hilda Riddles, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (B)

Prize-Winners.—James Grubb, 4 Albany Road, Sittingbourne, Kent. George Rainford, St. Paul's C.E. School, Adlington, Lancs.

Honourable Mention.—Edward Callan and Walter Molyneaux, National School, Adlington, Lancs; Noel Hargreaves and Arthur Ingham, Worsthorne Council School, near Burnley.

Letter Competition

Prize-Winners.—Gladys Styles, Halford Road Council School, Fulham, London, S.W.6. Marjorie Reich, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Eileen Crockett and Joan Stevens, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Frederick C. Seabourne and Austen Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Mabel Searle, Christ Church Girls' School; Nancy Kerr and Peggy Hart, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Drawing and Colouring Competition (C)

Prize-Winners.—Mary Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham. Austen Hadgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Lionel Ervin, Belfast; Joan Summerfield, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham.

✣ ✣ ✣

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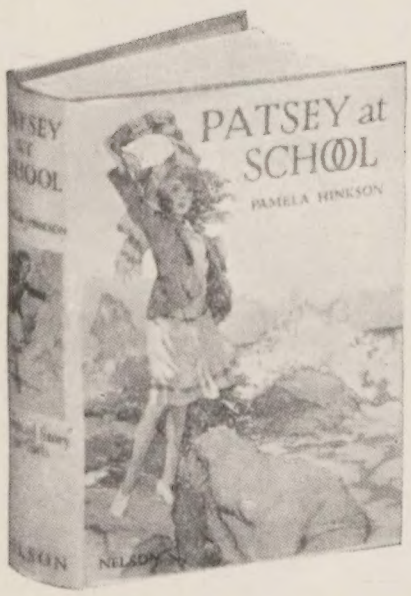

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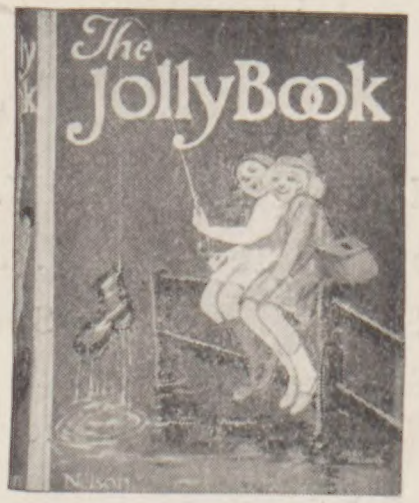

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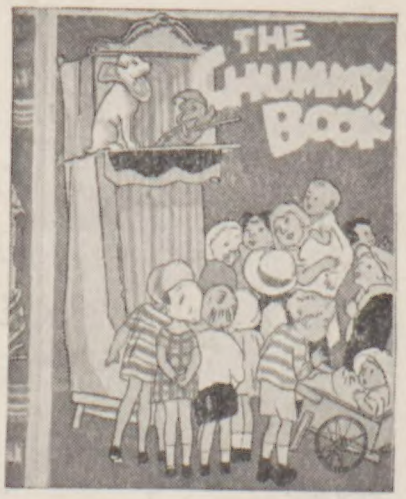

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